Trespasser

breadcat

Trespasser by breadcat

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Summary:

The fact that you, an adult (technically), had let a group of kids teasing you bully(read: convinced) you into doing this. Like it really mattered.

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Author's Note:

> A sort of request from a friend. Tags will be added as I go. Send me requests if you'd like! thecatsdrabbles.tumblr
>
> The pennywise in this fic is this one: http://levanaart.tumblr.com/image/166827420130 who belongs to the lovely Levana and I love you for letting me use him!!!
> there will be smut. Stay tuned.

This place wasn't inviting even in the middle of the day with the sun shining through every crack in the crumbling walls and broken windows. So it shouldn't have been surprising to see it even more uninviting in the middle of the night with the moon hidden half way behind the clouds and casting dark foreboding shadows in sharp angles. Even the sunflowers in the yard looked like some odd creature of the night in the dark and swaying in the wind. The leaves and petals looked like fingers against the ground and the wall of the house.

Still your resolve was unmoved. You could do this and you were going to. If nothing else just for the purpose of taking a selfie in one of the rooms as proof that you went in – at night too – just to prove a point to those kids. Which... was really childish and petty. The fact that you, an adult (technically), had let a group of kids teasing you bully(read: convinced) you into doing this. Like it really mattered. You supposed it was half that and half the dreams you had about this place. Like something was calling you here. A voice would whisper and a shadow would crook a finger to lure you in, wanting you to enter because you were 'mine' – 'mine mine mine' – to this mystery shadow.

You strode up into the house, determined and on a mission to make this happen. It was just an abandoned house. There was no way there was 'something' here that had all the school kids spooked to even ride their bikes down the lane. You quick entrance into the old house sent

dust flying and you waved a hand in front of your face to dispell it away before it could choke you. It was dark inside. Really, really dark. It smelled in here too, like old musk and rotten wood. There was a hint of stale beer, under the dirt and grime.

A moment of fumbling around in your pockets got your phone free and your piss poor excuse of a flashlight lit. The house was dense considering all the pieces falling and holes it had in it, so the light from your phone's flashlight didn't do much except let you see about four feet in front of you. It was enough, you supposed, to keep you from falling into any holes or walking into something or someone who may be squatting.

Which... worried you more than the possibility of any 'monster'. There could be some homeless person holed up in here and they could be mean or violent and you had no idea. And no weapon. That was smart.

Majority of your exploring was uneventful, just dirty broken house and trash from people who had no common sense when it came to urban exploration. You were supposed to look and explore but not touch or leave traces. You did your best to avoid gaps in the floor boards and broken pieces of furniture, only tripping a few times over a piece of wood that would jump up when you stepped somewhere else. You had been so absorbed in your curious poking about you hadn't really taken notice to a slight shift in atmosphere, the way the air seemed to still around you and the crickets outside went silent.

“And what do we have here~?”